Living With the Times.

BY A. J. STERLING.

In all ages men have been too ready to live with the times. "Shut both eyes and go it blind," is an expression never to be forgotten while the thousands are rushing on like the angry torrents from the mountain side.

It is said of Lorenzo (A Florentine Mosiac) his taste for poetry and art were more than common. His dominion was shelter for the artist and scholar; the great wits gathered around him like nebula around the ruling bodies. But, ensnared by the "this way and that way" career of wild and reckless life, he lived, a creature of the most shameful and uncompromising extremes. Infatuated by some new law, his whole soul and mind would be given to the overthrow of liberty and virtue Next, as by a single stride, he enters the Platonic Academy, and with exhausting vehemency, defends by learned discussion, virtue and the immortality of the soul. From these sacred courts, he goes forth and we behold him the companion of dissolute youth, singing the carnival songs and giving himself over to debauchery. A true type of man "living with the times." In fact he is the representative of our "Young America." They are strange combinations of the noble and ignoble, the pure and the impure, the promoters of liberty and the enslavers of their people. They second their age in all its vices and virtue, and thus become the mongrelizers of God's work with the work of Satan.

Mark that individual who is "living with the times." Human nature and its happiness should stand in self-defense; mark such a one as a devil and allow no glamour of circumstance or quality to disguise. Victor Hugo has said of Louis Napoleon, (A type of the man of our heading,) "it is his success which confounds the human conscience and kindles the lurid light in which assassinations seem a holy duty." True manhood will never live with the times; it turns from the whirling vortex of human corruption and crime. It stands on Ararat, in the approving smiles of God, while the destroying waters lash in fury around.

Reason, judgment and action have been given to each aggressive mind; like the steam-engine and wheel of the ocean vessel,—each mind has power, its utilizer and a fitness for navigating life's waves, and thus, its sail is from "shore to shore."

Time is an ocean, with all its attending reefs, breakers, icebergs, and shoals, and it is only the pure it heart, the uncompromising enemy to wrong, the one who will never belittle dignity, by trailing it in vice, that can hope to enter safely the port of eternal rest.

Brethren, hold up your hand for the blessing of God but do not extend the other downward for the proffered gifts of Satan. Open your mind to the beauties and glories of "I am," but close it to the intrigues and infidelities of this world. Be active and energetic for human happiness, but never suffer thyself harnessed and driven by king Satan to the overthrow of virtue and honor. Live with God, his servant through time, and a glorious reward will be yours when the journey is made.

Real Power.

Wealth, we are told, is power; talent is power, and knowledge is power, But there is a mightier force in the world than either of these—a power which wealth is not rich enough to purchase, nor genius subtle enough to refute, nor knowledge wise enough to overreach, nor authority imposing enough to silence. They all tremble in its presence. It is truth—the really most potent element of social or individual life. Though tossed upon the billows of popular commotion, or cast into the seven-fold furnace of persecution, or trampled into the dust by the iron heel of power, truth is the one indestructible thing in this world, that loses in no conflict, suffers from no misusage and abuse, and maintains its vitality and completeness after every assault. All kinds of conspiracies have been exhausted to crush it, and all kinds of seduction employed to vitiate and poison it; but none has succeeded, and none ever will. We can be confident of nothing else in this world, but the safety and imperishability of truth—for it is a part of the Divine nature, and invested with the eternity and omnipotence of its author and source. It may often seem to be in danger; it is as much set upon and assaulted now after eighteen hundred years of successful resistance, as ever; but history and experience ought to reassure our faith. It has never yet failed, and it never will. We may rest serenely upon it, and feel no alarm: we may anticipate its success, and enjoy its triumph in advance. In this struggling life, what encouragement and comfort is there in this thought—that the man of truth and the cause of truth, are connected with the most potent element in the world, and have all the certainty of succeeding which God's immutable nature and decree affords.—SELECTED.

The Orphans' Protection.

I recently heard a beautiful incident of three little German girls, whose friends were in America, and who wanted to go thither. They were somewhere from eight to twelve years old, and the question was how to get them across the great ocean, and away into the interior of America. There was no one to go with them, they must go alone; and no one could tell what troubles might assail them, or what dangers might surround them. But their friends had faith in God, and before they sent them out, they got a book and on the fly-leaf of it they wrote a sentence in German, in French, and in English, and they told the little children when they started:

"If you get into trouble, or need any help, you just stand still and open this book and hold it right up before you."

Then they started the children off on their long journey, by railway and by steamship, from place to place, and from port to port; and wherever they went, if any trouble occurred or any difficulties arose, the children would stop and open the book, and hold it before them, and they always found some one who could read German or English or French, and who was ready to help them on their way.

And so in due time they reached their friends far off in the interior of America.

And what were those words which proved such a talisman and protection to these children, among strangers, and in a strange land? What were the words that made the careless civil and thoughtful, and the rough and reckless kind? They were the words of One who lived on the earth long years ago, and who, though he has passed away from human vision, yet holds his grasp upon the minds of men. These were his words;

"And the king shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Matt. 25: 40.

These words written upon the fly-leaf of a New Testament, made them friends among strangers, gave them protection and help in every hour of need, opened doors before them and made rough places plain and crooked places straight. And the safety of these children who traveled thousands of miles under the protection of these words, is an illustration of the immortal power and energy that yet resides in the words of Him who spake as never man spake, and who, though unseen by mortal eye hath "all power in heaven and in earth" given into his hands.—THE CHRISTIAN.

It is more honorable to acknowledge our faults than to boast of our merits.

Impossibilities, like vicious dogs, fly before him who is not afraid of them.

It is only those that have done nothing who fancy they can do everything.

He who has filled the measure of his days has only learned how to begin to live.

Laws are always multiplying lawyers and lawyers always multiplying laws.

Follow the fashion; you had better display other people's follies than your own.

Many pride themselves upon being wild young men, who are only wild beasts.

Woman loves always. When earth slips from them they take refuge in heaven.

The School of Adversity.

When some eminent personage in England asked the colored preacher, Father Hanson, where he was educated, he said he was "educated in the school of adversity." There is education to be obtained in that school which can be obtained nowhere else. There may be less Greek and Latin than is sometimes found elsewhere, but there may also be more lessons of grace and love than are learned in other schools. Persons trained in ease and comfort, in luxury and pleasure, are of very little use in this world, and have very little hope for the next; but those who have endured toil, and pain, and trial and adversity, and affliction, are strengthened and helped, and thereby fitted for glory thereafter. And though "the school of adversity" may be a hard school, yet the great day will show that those who are raised under the yoke and under the rod, will in the end be better fitted for usefulness and better equipped for service than those who have been brought up in ease and softness.

Let us then thank God for the school of adversity, for the furnace of affliction, for the fiery trials, and for everything which God sends us to teach us and to help us, and to make us what he would have us to be.—THE CHRISTIAN.

The Baby Witness.

A poor, pale seamstress was arraigned in Paris for theft. She appeared at the bar with her baby of eleven months on her arm. She went to get some work one day, and stole three gold coins of ten francs each. The money was missed soon after she had left her employer, and a servant was sent to her room to claim it. The servant found her about to quit the room with the three gold coins in her hand. She said to the servant, "I am going to carry them back to you." Nevertheless, she was carried to the commissioner of police: and he ordered her to be sent to the police court for trial. She was too poor to engage a lawyer, and, when asked by the judge what she had to say for herself, she replied: "The day I went to my employer's, I carried my child with me. It was in my arms as it is now. I wasn't paying attention to it. There were several gold coins on the mantlepiece; and, unknown to me, it stretched out its little hand and seized three pieces; which I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my bonnet, and was going back to my employer to return them, when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth, as I hope for Heaven's mercy.

The court could not believe this story. They upbraided the mother for her impudence in endeavoring to palm off such a manifest lie for the truth. They besought her, for her own sake, to retract so absurd a tale; for it could have no effect but to oblige the court to sentence her to a much severer punishment than they were disposed to inflict upon one so young, and evidently so deep in poverty.

These appeals had no effect, except to strengthen the poor mother's pertinacious adherence to her original story. As this firmness was sustained by that look of innocence which the most adroit criminal can never counterfeit, the court was at some loss to discover what decision justice demanded.

To relieve their embarrassment, one of the judges proposed to renew the scene described by the mother. Three gold coins were placed on the clerk's table. The mother was requested to assume the position in which she stood at her employer's house. There was then a breathless pause in court. The baby soon discovered the bright coins, eyed them for a moment, smiled, and then stretched forth its tiny hand, and clutched them in its fingers with a miser's eagerness. The mother was at once acquitted.—SELECTED.

There is nothing so refines the face and mind as the constant presence of good thoughts.

The idle should not be classed among the living; they are a sort of dead men that can't be buried.

A great part of our existence serves no other purpose than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

Misery must follow sin, at a distance more or less near, as inevitably as the needle points to the pole.